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# BOOK OF WORDS



*The*  
**NATIONAL CHORUS**  
DR ALBERT HAM CONDUCTOR  
ON THE OCCASION OF  
A LECTURE BY  
**MR H B AMES M.P.**  
SUBJECT  
*The BRITISH NAVY*



IN AID OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY +

BOOK *of* WORDS  
AS SUNG BY THE  
**NATIONAL CHORUS**

IN MASSEY HALL

NOVEMBER THIRD  
NINETEEN FOURTEEN

ON THE OCCASION OF  
A LECTURE BY

MR. H. B. AMES, M.P.

*Subject:*

**"THE BRITISH NAVY"**



*Piano and Organ, Marche Militaire,*

**"Canada"** . . . *Albert Ham*

(Composed for the Tercentenary Celebration at Quebec City)

MISS R. FORFAR AND MR. G. E. HOLT.

**"God Save the King"**

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,

    God save the King:

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us:

    God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
    And make them fall;  
Confound their politics,  
Frustate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hopes we fix;  
    God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour;

    Long may he reign:

May he defend our laws,

And ever give us cause

    To sing with heart and voice,

    God save the King

*"God Save the King."*—The tune to "God Save the King" was probably derived from an instrumental "lyre" by Dr. John Bull, a Somersetshire man, born in 1663. In the lapse of years, like many other old folk tunes and national airs, this one has been altered and improved by the "Vox populi." It is interesting to note that the original manuscript of Bull's instrumental piece was found in the library of a well-known musical London amateur, W. Kitchener, M.D., 1775-1827. It was the first piece of music to have for its title that of "God Save the King."

MASON & RISCH PIANO USED

**"O Canada!" . . . Arranged by Albert Ham**  
*Melody by Calixa Lavallée*

O Canada! our heritage, our love,  
Thy worth we praise all other lands above,  
From sea to sea, throughout thy length, from pole to borderland,  
At Britain's side, whate'er betide, unflinchingly we'll stand.  
With heart we sing, "God save the King."  
"Guide Thou the Empire wide," do we implore,  
"And prosper Canada from shore to shore."

(*Words by Brigadier-General Buchan, C.V.O., C.M.G.*)

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**"La Brabançonne" . . . The Belgian National Anthem**

Now passed and gone the years of slavery,  
The Belgian comes forth from his tomb,  
Daring, courageous, to reconquer  
His liberty, wi' banner fair.  
Belgians' King, dauntless, proud, unflinching,  
Onward he leads his valiant band.

*Chorus:*

With flag unfurled, the old, old emblem dear,  
"For King, for Law and Liberty!"

O Belgium dearest, Motherland so fair!  
To thee hearts and hands now we bring.  
Pledge we our lives in deep devotion,  
Off'ring all that thou for aye may'st live;  
Thou shalt live, greater yet and mighty,  
Through thy unconquered unity.

*Chorus:*

Sing we as one, the thrilling chorus,  
"For King, for Law and Liberty!"

**THE TENORS, BASSES AND FULL CHORUS.**

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*"La Brabançonne."*—This stirring national song dates from the Revolution of 1830, when the brave Belgians gained their independence. Jenneval, the writer of the words, was killed near Antwerp during the fierce struggle. Campenabout, the composer of the music, was born in Brussels in 1780. He was well known throughout Belgium, Holland and France as an accomplished singer and operatic composer.

## "Land of Hope and Glory" . . . Sir Edward Elgar ,

### *Song and Chorus:*

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,  
God make thee mightier yet!  
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,  
Once more thy crown is set.  
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,  
Have ruled thee well and long;  
By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,  
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,  
How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee?  
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;  
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,  
As Ocean large and wide;  
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,  
A stern and silent pride;  
Not that false joy that dreams content  
With what our sires have won;  
The blood a hero sire hath spent  
Still nerves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory, etc.

CONTRALTOS AND CHORUS.

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"*Land of Hope and Glory.*"—This majestic song, now so widely known, was written by England's great composer, Sir Edward Elgar, and it forms part of an Ode written expressly for the Coronation of His Majesty, the late King Edward.

## "Long Live the Czar" . . . Russian National Anthem

Long live the Emperor!  
God guard his kingdom.  
Make power and peace in his realm to reign.  
O, may good fortune shine  
On him evermore!  
Long live the Czar! Long live the Czar!

## "La Marseillaise" . . . French National Song

Ye sons of France rise up in glory!  
Awake ye brave hearts as of old—  
'Gainst our faces cruel oppression  
Doth her blood-dyed banner unfold.  
Oh hear ye not? List how her myriads roar,  
As over your valleys they roam.  
They come to spoil your well-loved home,  
To destroy your sons, your companions.

To arms ye free-men all!  
Fall in both rank and file!  
March on! Liberty calls.  
'Tis victory or death.

TENORS AND FULL CHORUS.

*"The Russian National Anthem."*—This hymn was composed by Alexis Livoff, violinist and composer, who was born at Reval in 1790. He was Chief-Director of the Music to the Imperial Court, and of the singers in the Imperial Chapel. His choral works generally are of a very high order, some of which are still used in the services of the Russian Church. It is, however, as the composer of the simple yet noble hymn, "Long Live the Czar," that his name will be perpetuate.

*"La Marseillaise."*—Both words and air of this stirring French National Song were composed by Rouget de L'isle, a captain of Engineers, who was stationed at Strasburg at the time when the volunteers of Bas Rhin were ordered to join Luckner's Army. It is said that Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg, expressed his regret that the young soldiers had no patriotic song to sing as they marched away. Rouget de L'isle, who heard the Mayor's words, returned to his lodgings in the Grande Rue, and in a fit of enthusiasm composed, during the night of April 24th, 1792, the words and tune of this martial song, which was first known as "Chant de Guerre pour l'armée du Rhin." Afterwards it was called "Chant des Marseillais," and finally "La Marseillaise."

## "The Dear Little Shamrock" . . . *Irish Air*

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,  
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;  
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mire-land,  
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

*Chorus:*

The dear little Shamrock,  
The sweet little Shamrock,  
The dear little sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

That dear little plant still grows in our land,  
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command  
In each climate they ever appear in.  
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the  
mire-land,  
Just like their own dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

*Chorus:*

The dear little Shamrock, etc.

**THE BOYS OF THE NATIONAL CHORUS AND FULL CHORUS.**

## "It Comes From the Misty Ages" . . . Elgar

(*"The Banner of St. George."*)

*Chorus:*

It comes from the misty ages,  
The banner of England's might—  
The blood-red cross of the brave Saint George,  
That burns on a field of white!  
It speaks of the deathless heroes,  
On fame's bright page inscribed—  
And bids great England ne'er forget  
The glorious deeds of old!

O'er many a cloud of battle,  
The banner has floated wide,  
It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts  
That dash'd the Armada's pride!  
For ever amid the thunders,  
The sailor could do or die,  
While tongues of flame leaped forth below  
And the flag of Saint George was high.

O, ne'er may the flag beloved  
Unfurl in a strife unblest,  
But ever give strength to the righteous arm,  
And hope to the hearts oppressed.  
It says to the passing ages,  
"Be brave if your cause be right,  
Like the soldier saint whose cross of red  
Still burns on your banner white."

Great race, whose Empire of splendour  
Has dazzled a wondering world!  
May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domains  
Be long to all winds unfurled!  
Three crosses in concord blended,  
The banner of Britain's might!  
But the central gem of the ensign fair  
Is the cross of the dauntless Knight!

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*"It Comes From the Misty Ages."*—This Chorus forms an Epilogue to a Cantata, "The Banner of St. George." Words by Shapcott Wensley, and music by Sir Edward Elgar. The composition is familiar to all the leading choral societies in the British Empire. It was first sung in its entirety in Canada some ten years ago, by the National Chorus of Toronto.

## "Scots, Wha Ha'e" . . . . . *Scottish Air*

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory!  
Now's the day, and now's the hour;  
See the front o' battle lour;  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
Chains and slavery!  
Wha will be a traitor knave?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
Wha sae base as be a slave?  
Let him turn and flee!  
Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!  
By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains!  
We will dra'rn our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!  
Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!  
Let us do or dee!

(Unaccompanied.)

## "Rule, Britannia!" . . . . . *British Air*

When Britain first at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter—the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sang the strain.

*Chorus:*

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!  
Britons never shall be slaves.

THE SOPRANOS AND FULL CHORUS.

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"*Scots, Wha Ha'e.*"—Burns wrote this thrilling song to an old air which had captured his fancy. The tradition that it was to the tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie" that Bruce marched to Bannockburn warmed him, he writes, "to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish Ode, fitted to the air that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

"*Rule, Britannia!*"—The famous patriotic song, "*Rule, Britannia!*" was composed by Dr. Thomas Arne, who was born in 1710. Arne was educated at Eton, and was a Doctor of Music of Oxford. He was a most prolific composer, and many of his songs are of perennial beauty. Amongst these are: "Where the Bee Sucks," "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "When Daisies Pied." "*Rule, Britannia!*" was written in 1740 for a Masque entitled "Alfred," which was first performed at Cliveden House, near Maidenhead, then the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The words are probably by the poet Thomson.

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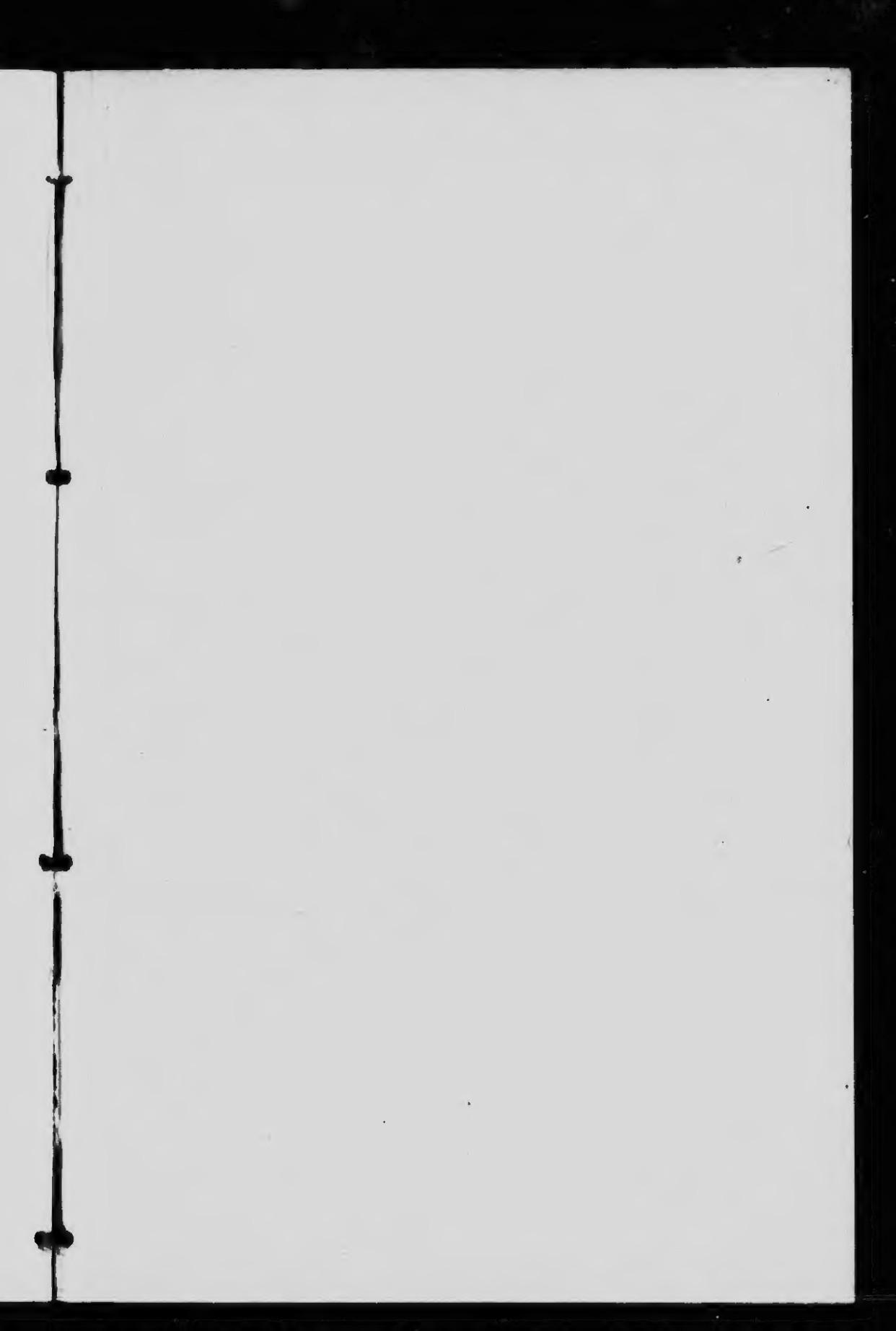
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**Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O.**



THE NATIONAL CHORUS  
WILL GIVE THEIR ANNUAL CONCERT  
IN MASSEY HALL, ON JANUARY 19, 1915  
IN AID OF THE RED CROSS FUND

THE SOLOIST WILL BE THE CELEBRATED  
ENGLISH SOPRANO  
MISS MAGGIE TAYTE

